Hell. Haile Madame, and my Queene.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You haue heard me say when I did flye from *Tyre*, I left behinde an ancient substitute; can you remember what I cald the man, I haue namde him oft.

Th. Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deere *Thaisa*, this is he, now do I long to heare how you were found? how possibly preserued? and who to thank (besides the Gods) for this great miracle?

Thai. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods shewne their power, that can from first to last resolue you,

Per. Reuerent Sir, the gods can haue no mortall officer more like a God then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first goe with me vnto my house, where shall be shewne you all was found with her; how she came plac'st here in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee; *Thaisa* this Prince, the faire bethrothed of your daughter, shall marry her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament that makes me looke dismall, will I clip to forme, & what this fourteene yeares no razor toucht, to grace thy marriage day, Ile beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credite, Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heauens make a Star of him, yet there my Queene, wee'l celebrate their Nuptials, and our selues will in that kingdome spend our following dayes; our sonne and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne.

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing stay,
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir, lead's the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you haue heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward:

In

In *Pericles*, his Queene and da
Although assaylde with Fort
Vertue preferd from fe
Led on by heauen, and
In *Hellicanus* may you well de
A figure of truth, of faith, of
In reuerend *Cerimon* there we
The worth that learned chari
For wicked *Cleon* and hi
Had spread their curfed
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citty
That him and his, they in his I
The gods for murder seemed
To punish, although not don
So, on your patience e
New ioy waite on you

F

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